

PS 1082

.B35

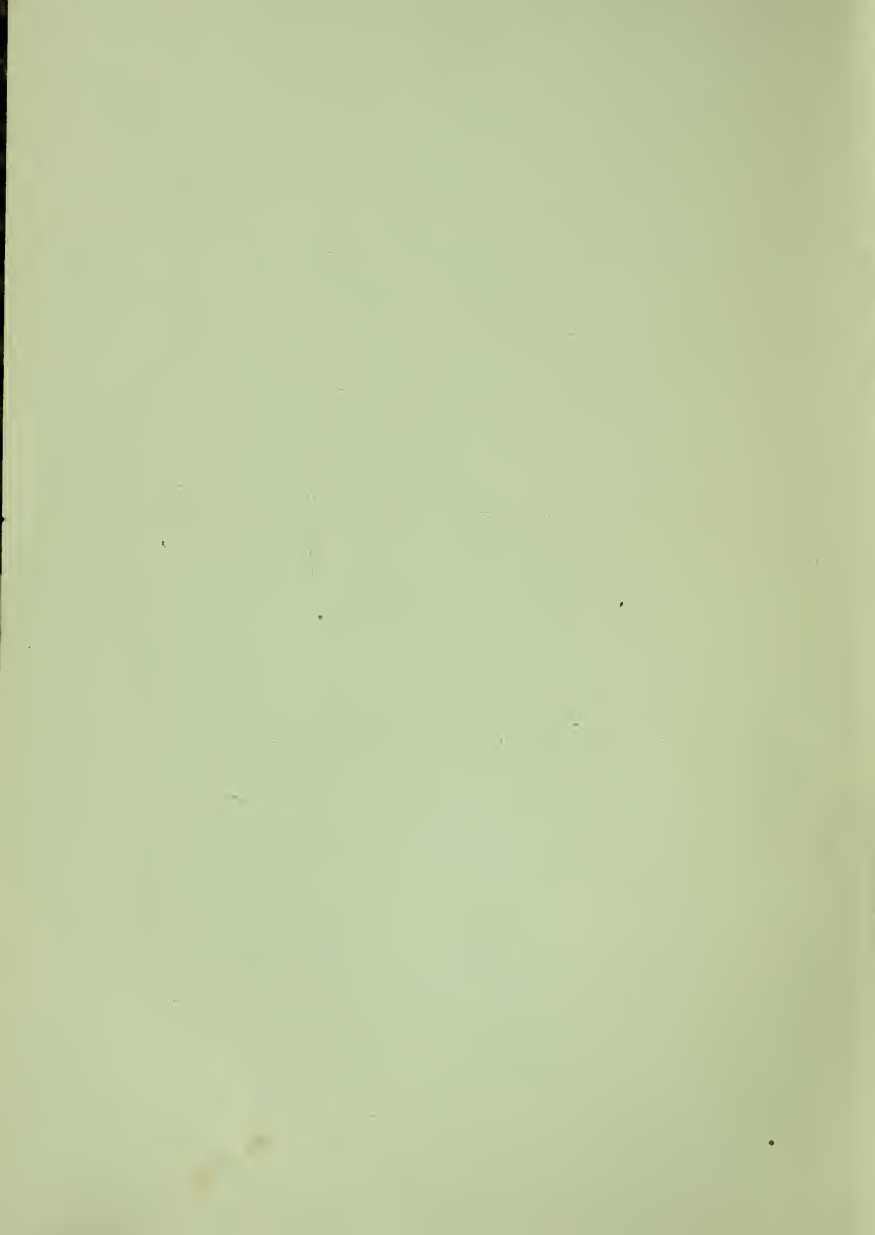
Copy 1



The Play of Gold.

—
J. E. ✓ BEADLE. —





THE PLAY OF GOLD

—A—

VERSIFIED STORY OF MORAL INTEREST

—BY—

JANE E. BEADLE

OF PLOVER, WISCONSIN.



m.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.:
RIVERSIDE PRINTING COMPANY,
1887.

PS1082
.B35

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1881, by
JANE E. BEADLE, in the Office of the Librarian of
Congress, at Washington, D C.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

CONTENTS :


	PAGE.
Introduction.....	5
The Young Mother.....	7
The Little Market Boy.....	11
Young Arthur's Arts.....	17
Arthur Becomes a Man.....	20
Young Cora Has Sorrow.....	21
Winter's Pleasures—Spring's Sorrows.....	28
The Fractured Skull.—Insanity.....	34
The Maiden Aunt.—A Pictured Scene.....	40
Deep Affliction.—A Parent's Cruelty.....	41
Sir Thomas' Mourns.—His Confession.....	50
Sir Thomas in Humble Dwelling. — His Guilty Imaginings.....	55
The Dusky Maid.....	59
Julia Wright's Faith in God.....	64
In the Mine.—Finds a Friend.....	68
Restored to Sanity.—Returns Home.....	72
The Day of Wonders.....	75
Conclusion.....	80

THIS little tale of unchanged and unchangeable love introduces a new author to the reading public of the West. Simple and artless as the modest little flower, whose presence cheers the traveler on his journey over the boundless prairies, it is redolent with the distinctive fragrance of an untilted soil. While it would appear sadly out of place in the company of the scented and showy denizens of the hothouse, that make up the society bouquet of to-day, I am not without hopes that there may be those who will prefer for a companion in the sacred recesses of their own chamber the simple wild flower of the prairie.

Plorer, Wis., Sept., 1887.

I.

Introduction.

 O for the West! Awakening sound,
Heard over sterile farming ground!
Young Farmer Wright was quick to test
The wondrous regions of the West.

Of ardent heart and ruddy face,
Soon built his cot at a mountain's base,
Despoiling dens whence beasts of prey
Roamed undismayed in early day.

From Hymen's altar came his bride,
Fair Julia, to his mountain side.
He dreamed his wilds became a plain
Of thrifty, waving, golden grain.

Here grazed his stock, the lambkins play;
Sir Baldro kept the beasts away.
Each evening, with the setting sun,
The faithful watchdog's task was done.

When folded flocks in safety slept,
Sir Baldro to his kennel stept
 From generous meal, the mountain's fawn
 To rally out at morning's dawn.

With early axe and Farmer's song,
Which woke the echoing grots among,
 Were heard in neighboring hamlet low
 The watchdog's roar, and Farmer's blow ;

Where monarch oaks with trembling reel—
Drop, moaning, from the glistening steel,
 Their foliage drooping, withering, sere,
 For flaming groups the following year,

When red tongues, roaring, lap the clouds,
Then sink away in ashen shrouds,
 Each passed away, the small and great ;
 Cold ashes mark their final state.

Now Farmer thrives through vigorous moves,
His faithful Jule true helpmeet proves,
 Till verified's his early dream.
 But, still—his fields are not our theme.

With gentle Julia and her charge
We're pleased our story to enlarge;
A friendly greeting at her door
Comes from the mother's virtuous lore.

II.

The Young Mother.



Enter, while she rocks the crib,
Industrious, mark, her fingers glib,
Skilled in each charming grace!
Her watchful eye detects the fly,
As th' apt intruder ventures nigh
Her sleeping infant's face.

Dark locks held here, in gentle braid
Above a comely brow are stayed,
Reveal her comely face.

The mild dark eyes contented rest,
Where sleeps the infant, neatly dressed
In brilliant white and lace.

While sleeps the babe, our Arthur Wright,
Of lovely eyes as dark as night,
The boon of wedded love ;
O'er which she sings the pious lay,
An olden song, still sung to day :
"A charge to keep I have."

Soon from the crib the child arose,
And cast aside the infant's clothes
For suit of flaxen web ;
In which he found his way to school,
Where Master Bascom plied the rule,
On neighboring hamlet's glebe.

In rude log hut, the children rude
The lad with laughing faces viewed,
Oh, this he could not brook !
His bashful eyes began to melt
When each the warning ferule felt,
And sought their every book.

This sylvan tract of hills and vales,
Of deeply sunken Indian trails
 O'er bluff and lowland glade,
Was watered by a friendly stream,
Welcome as friendly, so we deem,
 The thriving hamlet's aid.

Its windings passed the village school.
Just here it formed a lovely pool,
 Which bending elms o'erlook ;
This then was termed the fishing-hole,
Where many came with rod or pole
 And ever ready hook.

Shortly the iron track was seen,
Marking its way o'er the sylvan green,
 When, as by magic art,
Was seen a vill of goodly size,
Meeting the traveler's earnest eyes,
 And which was termed the Mart.

Anear the school, one lovely site,
A handsome mound and waving bright
 With fragrant maples o'er,

Was purchased by a foreign knight,
Whose titled name announced his might,
When on his native shore.

Sir Thomas Mann was heard his name.
The title, with its honored claim,
He did not wish to drop,
Though much offended was his pride
To find this title cast aside,
On soil, not for such a crop.

The noble's hall sublimely stood,
Half hidden by the verdant wood,
Made tame by pruner's skill ;
With marbled step and portals grand,
And palisades like standing band
Of troops around the hill.

Behind the hill and near its base,
The brook, still in its native grace,
Did glide through willows wild.
Just here an Indian camp was seen,
Dimly discerned through willows green,
Which soon became exiled.

At length, high o'er the fishing pool,
Much higher than the olden rule,
There glistened in the sun
The turret of a building fair,
With a more wise instructor there
Than he that first begun.

III.

The Little Market Boy.



IN homely suit, the little Wright,
With butter fresh and napkin white,
Enters this noble's seat.
And oft a little miss he spies,
Of lovely face and laughing eyes,
And most benignly sweet.
She picks each rose of freshest hue,
The jessamine and violet blue,
And fills his pail with care.

Says smilingly, "I like your eyes,"
And smilingly the boy replies,
 "I love your curly hair."

The little Cora from her gate,
Had seen the schoolboys catch their bait,
 'Twas but a little fly;
She had a wish, a yearning wish,
All by herself to try the fish,
 In th' shaded pool near by.

The sylvan pool and speckled trout
Allured at length and drew her out;
 A stealthy march and sly.
Her seat was in a bended elm;
While zephyrs swayed her leafy realm,
 She dropped her hook and fly.

A passing whirl-wind found her seat
And rudely wrenched away her feet,
 She dropped upon the wave.
Her hat still swinging from the bough,
She sank, she rose, is sinking now.
 Ah, here comes one to save!

'Twas Arthur with his fishing-pole,
Comes early to the favoring hole,
 Before the hour for school.
With dread amazement does he see
The wellknown hat. "Where, where is she?"
 Oh, sinking in the pool!

He dropped into the watery deep,
Grasped the pale form, with desperate leap
 He brought her to the shore.
Oh, help! he called. No help he found,
"Alas!" he groaned, "the child is drowned."
 And called for help no more.

With the limp burden climbed the steep,
Through brambles, where the ivies creep,
 To the Noble's kitchen door.
No strength had he or power to speak;
With closing eyes and paling cheek,
 He sank upon the floor.

When he revived, he sat alone
Upon the kitchen stepping-stone.
 No inmate met his sight;

The back-door way was all he knew,
No other way he'd ventured through
With butter for the Knight.

Here silence reigns, and must he go ?
"Is all, all over," he would know,
"Was little Cora dead ?"
Still open stood the little gate
Through which he bore th' unconscious weight,
And bitter tears he shed.

He pictured now the parents woe
And pity's tears profusely flow.
He should, but could not leave :
He lingers, drops upon the sward,
And sleeps until the sun has lowered,
Advances dusky eve.

Sir Thomas speaks, he marks that face,
'Twas cruel as the heart was base,
He bids him go away.
"If for reward you linger still,
While sinking sun sets o'er the hill,
Speak, what am I to pay ?"

“Full well I know you, scheming lout!
My child you plunged, to bring her out,
Half drowned to meet my eyes.
I may be wrong? Well, I will see;
I’ve lived too long his dupe to be.
I’ll hear the rogue’s replies.”

Silent and sad sat Arthur Wright.
Cora appears and, with delight,
Her lips are on his cheek.
“Desist, my darling,” spake the Knight.
The word of gratitude was right,
The kiss he did not seek.”

“My babe has kissed the rustic lad!
Uncomely act, unlovely, bad;
The kiss will never do.
Gold must reward him certainly,
Your thanks were worthless, do you see?”
His weeping child withdrew.

“Now, boy, to me advance your claim!
If the amount you will not name,
Take this, a coin of gold;

And then, in haste you leave my ground ! ”
The curling lip and instant bound
The boys resentment told.

Sir Thomas Mann remained at rest.
His arrows found a gentle breast,
And noble to its core.
He'll have no wakefulness from sleep ;
Gloats o'er his power : the lad won't weep,
But while the wound is sore.

“ He may oppress him in the gate,”
In wrath, he won't retaliate ;
Though he apply Power's rod,
He takes not vengeance, holds no hate :
Not long, he deems, has man to wait
A recompense from God.

Thus early found, the wise king's rule,
Would he “ in the mortar bray, the fool,
With the pestle, 'mongst the wheat
His foolishness will not depart,”
Whilst he disclosed the foolish heart,
In wrath, the fool to beat.

IV.

Young Arthur's Arts.



HE hermit owl of sober mien,
That sits the day, with looks serene,
On the mountain's darkling spray ;
Was seen of late, on hasty wing,
From shady covert forth to spring
And silent sail away.

Since o'er the hills and sylvan plains,
The horn, in hoarse and quickening strains,
With homely verse are heard ;
What if this schoolboy's early notes
Were aped by jay-bird's mimic throats :
"Excelsior" is his word.

He courts the muse of soaring wing,
More and more perfect strains will bring
From lute, or horn, or pipe.

Through potent efforts, he in time
Brings out the majesty of rhyme
In grace and wisdom's type.

No grass grows in the schoolboy's trail:
From hillside home to neighboring vale

The way he daily wends.
When some more stupid lads demur
With brain inert, o'er eyes so blur,
He gains, retains, transcends;

With philosophic lamp to guide,
His muses in scholastic pride
Came cheerily from their maze.
His music and poetic art,
Became the wonder of the Mart,
Now in his boyhood days.

No longer found is Arthur Wright,
With butter fresh and napkin white,
Anear Sir Thomas' seat.
Yet, where high palings stand between
The scholar and his little queen,
The two quite often meet.

He hears the litte Cora say :

“The angels took my Ma away,

Before I knew her smile.

My good aunt Cora cares for me,

She watched me through my infancy,

Has taught me all the while.”

“When all my lessons she has heard,

She talks to me of Christ, our Lord ;

And hears me say my prayer.

She talks of heaven, where there’s a choir

That plays the harp and heavenly lyre.

She says, Mama lives there.”

“Oh, she’s as good, as good can be ;

I love her much, she prays for me ;

Dear aunt, she’s growing gray !

I fear she’ll die and leave me soon ;

I hope she may not, till I’m grown.

Poor Papa, he don’t pray ! ”

V.

Arthur Becomes a Man.



EARS flew away: our Arthur stood
In favor with the wise and good,
And, in his arts well skilled,
Held seats of honor. E'en though great,
His gold amassed was light of weight,
His coffer yet unfilled.

And did he haste for golden ore,
His meager coffer to deplore
With oft upheaving sighs?
Oh no! Since wisdom marks his soul,
Behold, he seeks a richer goal,
Nor turns aside his eyes.

From Wisdom's lips that dropped the hint
To shun the way to Mammon's mint,
He spied sin lurking there.

Even when that finger points the way,
She sits in ambush to way-lay ;
He has a watchful care.

He feels much gladness, courts good cheer,
Meets oft his friends ; these counts most dear.
Gloom may not with him stay ;
Of jovial breast seen never sad ;
Witty and wise, aye, from a lad.
Pleasures loved much his day.

VI.

Young Cora has Sorrow.

THE Knight's fair daughter came to tears,
When scarce the age of sixteen years
Had marked the maiden's brow.
The drowsy hours, when mortals sleep,
Pass on ; she counts their stealthy step,
And marks them as they go.

Her cruel father, all for pride,
Would force his child to be the bride
Of wealth, which greets his door.
The proffered wealth 's quick to inspire
His grasping soul, that looked not higher
Than gain of golden ore.

Urged his desire to bestow her hand
To a rich lord from th' fatherland,
Then staying at the Mart.
She duly feels the smiter's blow,
She kens her own approaching woe :
A final broken heart.

The suitor's soul, through graceless mien,
The lady child had ready seen,
Aped well the feeding swine,
All day that champ o'er acorned plain,
Heedless whence derived their gain :
His soul was with his wine.

Unseen, she mounts her dapple-gray,
A little while would hide away;
In silence leaves the vale.

Seeks solitude's profoundest deep,
Awhile alone unheard to weep,
Follows an unknown trail.

Her pony here indulged with rein
Walked leisurely along the plain,
Feeding around a bend.
She hears a foot-step with surprise,
And backward turns her weeping eyes,
Which meet her early friend.

Warm friends, those two, to say the least,
While love, all loyal, in each breast
Lay prisoned through the years.
Oh! It is Arthur on his trail
Walking toward his father's vale,
Whose footsteps Cora hears.

Picture our Arthur, manly youth,
Of noble look, the type of truth,
His faultless form, his face.
He lays a hand on dapple-gray,
The other offers the boquet
Just from the mountain's base.

“ Miss Cora, you are sad to-day:
Can we not drive the gloom away
 And call forth sunny light?
At times I’m sad and from a boy
Have had my griefs; again comes joy:
 Our days are not all bright.

Let us walk down the pleasant brook;
There’s beauteous violets in yon nook,
 Let sadness take its flight.
Your gentle pony will not stray,
With grass thus fresh in sweet display;
 I’ll help you to alight.”

To him who strove to make her gay,
Who smiled the dreadful tears away,
 She told her serious tale,
Which moved his heart to throbbings wild.
His face still calm, his speech was mild,
 His lips, she marked, were pale.

Anew she weeps of breaking heart:
Tears to control defied her art,
 Profusely tears would flow.

Meeting those eyes, those loving eyes,
For years remembered, and those sighs,
She heard them, pressed and low.

Again she found a voice to speak.
Trembling she said, her voice now weak :

“ Friend, pray, be thou my guide.
Your heart is kind, a soul of truth,
I’ll do your bidding, though forsooth,
You bid me be his bride.”

“ Speak then, kind Arthur, must I yield
When the detested doom is sealed ?

’Twill be a horrid doom.
Forevermore, with sighing breath
In galling fetters, praying death
Would hide me in the tomb ! ”

Arthur was weeping bitter tears
O’er one he loved through passing years.

Alas ! his heart must break ;
While bidding her obey her sire,
Or disobey and meet his ire,
He mastered grief ; then spake :

“Lady ! This much I cannot say :
Go, and your parent’s will obey,
Be an unhappy bride.
No, no, this looks not wise nor sane ;
Some wild expedient in the main,
Or catering to pride.

But pardon this, an abrupt thought,
In undressed words to quickly brought,
I would they had not fell.”
He ceased. The lady then replied :
“I fear ’tis pride, ungenerous pride,
You have divined it well.”

“Dear girl, Miss Cora, you’li rebel ;
Then the sad sequence who can tell ?
You should not wed so soon.
Not yet sixteen, to be a bride,
And an unhappy one beside ;
A horrid fate, no boon.”

Cora sat calmed, her wondrous eyes
Spoke language oft the lip denies,
Now Arthur read her heart :

His love she does reciprocate.
This lover's joy was very great;
His love he will impart.

"Dearest of girls, become my bride,"
Taking her trembling hand, he cried.

"Neither a Lord nor Knight;
Mine is an humble, upright name,
To rank and title have no claim;
I'm humble Arthur Wright."

"My life, my light, my guiding star!
Without your love, my lagging car,
Fame's steep no more to climb,
Will stop in sorrow's wretched maze,
Enveloped in oblivious haze,
And sink from memory's time."

"My love is yours, all yours," she said
And now he drew the lovely maid
To his own beating breast.
"I know it love; 'tis my heart's pride
To know you would become my bride.
My Cora, I am blest!"

“In two short years I hope to stand,
If no more worthy of your hand,
More pleasing in pride’s sight.
Though not to wear a titled name,
Yet will I from the heights of fame,
Bring worth to please the Knight.”

VII.

Winter’s Pleasures—Spring’s Sorrows.

WINTER arrived: the social Mart,
Enamored with the tuneful art,
Brings out the singing choir.
Its leader was our Arthur Wright,
With the fair daughter of the Knight,
Who woke the warbling lyre.

And spring returns—early he stands
With bow, respectful, hat in hands,
And meets Sir Thomas’ frown,

Who rudely points to vacant seat,
Nor e'en politely turns to greet
The "minion of renown."

Esconced in slippers, evening gown,
Pacing his parlor up and down
In disconcerted mood ;
At length he speaks in gruffest tone,
Saying: "Do your errand and be gone ;"
From which a scene ensued.

Arthur has checked an angry cry
And mildly turns his pleasant eye
Upon this wrathful Knight,
Saying: "Oh, I see, Sir Thomas Mann,
You are not well, you're looking wan."
His eyes were flashing bright.

"My hapless card had I detained,
This interview I had not gained ;
Thus will I turn away.
'Tis best that I this moment leave,
And call on some propitious eve,
Or on a welcome day."

“ Yet hold ! I have something to say,
Which will not wait the welcome day,
Nor the propitious eve.

My daughter thinks she loves you, Wright ;
Betrothed, she says—the scand'lous plight !
The parent's soul does grieve.”

“ Sir Mann, my honest love is hers,
Aye, lasting as the upper spheres ;
Hers, do I trust, the same,
It was to ask your daughter's hand
In matrimony's holy band,
To you this eve I came.”

“ So, so ! And thought I'd acquiesce,
Duly pronounce the cordial Yes !

My daughter, thou Hundrum !
Consign my name, my honored name,
Unto contempt and lasting shame ?
Thou reptile of Earth's slum ! ”

“ Schooled in fair Freedom's liberal fane,
Where clanks no tyrant's galling chain,
Of philanthropic lore.

What nobler lore, when graduate
Ever respects, fears not the Great,
Which people Freedom's Shore ! ”

“ Full of this lore of equal rights,
Which knows no titled Lords or Knights,
In honest truth I came.
Seeking no higher recommend
To lay before my country's friend,
Than Truth's and Honor's name.”

“ Hark ! I've been on your track, young man !
Have found your nest, your plebian clan,
Just round yon mountain's brow.
I find you of a lowly stock :
Your father shears the smutty flock,
Your mother stripes the cow.”

“ Oh, Father, Father ! ” Cora cried,
Bursting in haste from the elder's side,
Who listened in the hall,
“ Do not disdain the farmer's boy,
Whose kindly deed once gave us joy,
Which deed I will recall.”

“ Please listen ! ’Twas when th’ waters wild
Once swallowed up your tender child,
 With unrelenting might ;
A farmer’s lad, that came to school,
Drew her, all breathless, from the pool.
 The same was our friend Wright.”

“ So, for the feat which dogs perform ;
Your foolish heart—’twas aye too warm
 Throws to the dog its love.
Bah, Miss ! Your love is obsolete,
And not of chastity replete,
 Which kind I won’t approve.”

Her injured heart now past control,
She cried : “ A man without a soul ! ”
 And left the cruel scene.
Angry and silent sat young Wright ;
Cold as the statue, fiercely bright
 His eyes rebuking sheen.

“ This play allures me. Let me see
If you’ve a hand to play with me ;
 This is my trump, behold ! ”

He emptied forth a glittering hoard,
Till almost groaned the laden board
With the broad coins of gold.

"Oh! that's your trump?" our hero said;
The Noble bowed his pompous head:

"That hand is won with gold.
When it arrives, that welcome day,
Bring in your cards, we'll have our play;
This eve no hand you hold."

"If you by luck, or might, or main,
The like of that in time obtain,
If she your time abide;
Then will I give her hand to you,
If each remain faithful and true,
And own you've won your bride."

"The chance I'll try," rising he said;
"And I will wait," replied the maid,
Calmed and returning now.
"Oh, noble Arthur, buy this hand!
Faint not, for aye unchanged I'll stand
To ratify my vow."

“And now, young hopeful, haste away,
Your winning card prepare to play
To which you dare aspire!
Hope not to meet my child again
Until your trump you do obtain,
Such trump as I require.”

The current red his temples swelled,
When he released the hand he held,
To quit this Noble's hall.
Feebly he moved his trembling feet,
Groping his way down to the street,
Wrapt all in midnight's pall.

VIII.

A fractured Skull.—Insanity.

THOU, Gold, 'tis only thou canst win!
Attractive tinkler, thy vile din
I hate, I loath! — must seek!
I fly to take thee with my might,
Thy power alone will reach the Knight.
Thou shalt my vengeance wreak!”

Thus ran his low soliloquy,
Whilst groping through the darkness, he
 At length his lodgings found.
When day broke o'er the eastern hill,
And glanced athwart this lowland ville,
 His steps were homeward bound.

In dense, white mist the sleeping Mart
Lay hidden, like this sinking heart,
 From observation's eye.
There only rolled the noisy wheels
Of crushing power that blanched the meal,
 To tell of mortals nigh.

When from the mist that slowly rose
Went up the plaint of human woes
 To one that hears the cry,
Of the wild raven's hungry brood,
Or lion's whelps which cry for food,
 And marks his people's sigh.

The early bell that woke the ville,
Found Arthur walking round the hill,
 Some distance from the Mart.

O'er chilling snow, in patches still
Unyielding, frozen, smutty, ill,
The type of Man's vile heart.

Like winter's snows, which melt away
Beneath the warmth of April day,
Hearts, e'en though hearts of steel,
Under affliction's melting fire,
Or left to fickle fortune's ire,
Will haply come to feel.

Here mused the wit of rising fame;
Disheartened, wearied of its name,
Incompetent of Might;
Deemed now to lay on leaden wing,
Nor ever, ever, born to bring,
Save praise to Arthur Wright.

Fortune, propitious or severe!
Out of thy wave my boat I steer
With steady, plying oar,
Undaunted, on thy risky deep!
My even tenor will I keep,
Nor near Fame's treacherous shore.

His beauteous arts sank low, immersed
His pride, his heart's delight, when first
 He tuned his infant lyre,
Like ancient cities, neath the sheet
Of wild Vesuvius' belching heat,
 Were buried neath his ire.

For many days he kept his bed,
Of feeble strength and aching head,
 And palpitating heart.
At length he rose and penned his plan
And his good-bye to Cora Mann.
 Thus finished, sought the Mart.

He reached her home, the door-bell rung ;
Observed that sable drapery hung
 The hall in dread array.
"Pray, what means this?" paling he cried.
To this the maid, in tears, replied :
 "Miss Cora died to-day."

The maid observed in mute surprise
His paling lips and closing eyes,
 The reeling, backward fall.

It was a swoon, he breathed again,
One of Sir Thomas' laboring men
Led Arthur to his hall.

On entering his boarding hall,
His head was bathed ; a wound, 'twas small,
Was seen upon the head.
When treated, bound, he took his room,
Where all to him seemed darkest gloom,
And sank upon his bed.

His swollen eyes refused to close,
Throughout the night, his plaint of woes
In wildered murmurs stole
To casual ears in partial sleep,
Like moans we hear when children weep.
'Twas here a madman's dole.

Slight looked the wound upon the head,
A little cut that scarcely bled ;
Howe'er, a factured bone
Pressed inward on the throbbing brain :
He rose a madman, wild and wan,
And wandered out alone.

On th' swollen brooklets favorite bank
He built a float of refuse plank,
 And floated from the town.
When wearied nature called for sleep,
Far in some wildwood's trackless deep,
 O'ercome, he layed him down.

Nor morning bell, nor bustling day,
Wafted a sound to him away
 In distant wild-wood dell,
Though loudly shrieked the chamber-maid,
Who found the room from whence he strayed
 So like the maniac's cell.

His harp, in splinters strewed the floor,
Bespattered with the scarlet gore,
 His music sheets, all burned;
Their cinders, like a sable pall,
A quivering mass, o'erspreading all,
 The night lamp overturned.

A maniac's freak, remarked by all,
Resulting from the heavy fall.
 The foot-prints, early found

Indented by some hurried feet,
Traced to the brooklet's swollen sheet,
Proclaimed the victim drowned.

IX.

The Maiden Hunt.—A Pictured Scene.



ET fancy move with noiseless tread,
And gently lift the covering spread
O'er Cora's straightened clay,
We reverence first the stricken heart.
Mourn with the mourner! Wherefor start
As one in sheer dismay?

Does the young daughter of the Knight,
Late beauteous as Aurora bright,
Present appalling look?
You calmly look upon the flower,
Culled from the rosy scented bower,
When pressed within your book.

Replace the robe and turn away !
This time-worn form, the shrunken clay,
Claims not our youthful tears :
Those shriveled hands, the sunken chest
And whitening locks so well attest
To age of sixty years.

Instead the daughter's, whilst we trace
The features of the elder face,
We need no longer stay.
Another Cora since we find,
The aged aunt, the teacher kind,
Relieved we turn away.

X.

Deep Affliction.—A Parent's Cruelty.



OUR Cora lives, weeps all unheard,
Lone, sleepless nights, her food deferred,
Have robbed her cheek of blood.

She mourns her lover gone for aye ;
Her eyes adown the brooklet's way,
Where late there rolled the flood.

And now arrives the month of May,
Laden with woe the joyless day.

She reads a note with pain :
That lord, whom she would meet no more,
Oh, luckless hour!—has found her shore,
Will visit her again.

'Twas only indignation's glow,
Which flushed her pallid cheek of woe,
Called forth by anger's thrill.
A summons came in moment more ;
Still flushed her cheek, she opes the door,
To learn her parent's will.

“ Be seated, dear ! ” began the Knight,
“ Indeed, your cheek is blooming bright,
Which bids me hope again.
No more I'll dream of sable biers;
No more will shed the midnight tears
In dreams funeral train.”

“ My weeks and months have passed away
As a long, tedious winter's day.
Of wild incessant roar ;

Since my loved friend of brightest heart,
Disconsolately left our Mart,
For his own native shore."

" His mournful look, it haunts me still.
Darling we owe him right good will
E'en yet, as on that day
We saw the look, the grasping hand,
Those noble tears of his were grand.
Deeper than words were they."

" He writes. Look, dear, how shook the hand,
As here he says, you'll understand,
" I've drained the bitter cup ! "
" Yes, graceless cup, unsavory fume,
Aptly he drains it, I presume.
And Aptly fills it up."

" Oh, soulless, stubborn, graceless child !
By much indulgence, whom I've spoiled,
To me darest thus presume.
Be done ! be done ! His bride you'll be !
Prepare you for your destiny,
Or find a dungeon's gloom."

Alas, she sees the impending woe,
All powerless to avert the blow
Of Might's uplifted hand ;
She cries : " How long, Father, how long,
May I defer this dreaded throng,
That hated marriage band ? "

" But one short month, no longer grace
Will you obtain by whimpering face.
Go ! go ! The hall-bell peals."
Relieved she left the torturing seat,
As th' hunted bird, she seeks retreat,
And here in prayer she kneels.

So dark and threatening, now there roll
Wild waves of sorrow o'er her soul.
She cries : " Alas, I'm lost.
Great Father, reach the helping hand,
Save me from the horrific strand,
Toward which my barque is tossed ! "

Her faith rose now with ardent prayer :
Henceforward heaven would be her care,
Her breast, God's dwelling place.

Life, what was life? She cared not now,
She has in heaven entered her vow,
To be a child of Grace.

Full soon she met the Scottish lord,
Bore his embrace without a word,
Nor blushed, nor paled, nor wept.
He did not note the mild drawn sigh
Of blest relief, that passed him by
As from his arms she stept.

But later, of an evening hour,
She sits as the poor wilting flower,
Her eyes not lifting up.
Too near her sat this Bacchus' slave,
Sipping the ruddy wine which gave
"Its color in the cup."

(Bible.

She sees him not, her spirits raise,
Earth hath no power to attract her gaze;
Her prayers ascend on high.
She knows the hand that marks her way,
And sees her hour which is to-day,
The moment drawing nigh.

The hour of twelve, the clock which gave,
Aroused his hand the throat to lave ;
 He reached the sparkling glass.
His lips refused his thoughts to word ;
These fled, unuttered and unheard,
 An unremembered class.

On rising just to pull the cord
And wake his page the luckless lord
 Fell prostrate o'er his shade.
"Ah-hic, ah-hic, my-hic, my dear,
Please ring the-hic, my boy will hear,
 Ah-hic, and-hic," he said.

She rang the bell, and came the groom,
Who roused and led him to his room:
 And Cora sought the air.
Here opening pedals kindly threw
Their balmy breath upon the dew ;
 She breathed a liberal share.

On dusky porch of midnight's hour
So firm her faith in Divine power
 In darkness, as in light,

To give to her the descreying eye,
To find the path, on which to fly
Her cruel father's sight.

She asked in prayer for fostering aid:
From which she rose and sought the shade,
To find the inviting trail.
When this to keep her dapple-gray
Was fain and kindly sped the way
O'er bluff and lowland swale.

This tender maid, who, reared in pride,
Forsook her beauteous home to hide,
Perchance may hide in death.
At midnight mounts her dapple-gray
And through the wilds pursues her way,
Flying with panting breath.

Rest does she find, then all is well;
If not—her sorrows, who can tell?
Dreadful must be the end.
She fears not want, regards not death,
Turns from her friends, from kin and kith,
Hoping to find a friend.

Who, in the far-off wilds away
Aptly befriends or bid one stay.

Does sympathy awake,
Midst howling wolves, that wildly roam,
Scenting the traveler far from home,
Who rests in danky brake?

The vagrant wolf, with famished cry,
This Indian pony will defy;
He snuffs old friends afar.
This palefaced rider, late his care,
With cautious bounds will swiftly bear
To friends with door ajar.

This sorrow-stricken maid shall find
A generous friend, though humble, kind,
Wellknown in earlier day.
At early dawn, dew drencht and cold,
The maid will meet the friend of old.
Aroused by dapple's neigh.

Wapeloo's camp, though humble, free,
This white papoose he's glad to see;
Once taught her little tongue

The red man's speech, in th' other tent;
While many merry hours she spent
With his papooses young.

She saw the overruling hand
Wisdom for her the scheme had planned.
Here revelations kind
Brings gladdening hopes of brighter days.
Soon here another plan she lays,
Another's wounds to bind.

Dimly discovered here the trail,
Which led near to some farming vale.
Yet this, though dim she takes,
Vehement breast and joyful boon,
With promise of return full soon,
Come lost among the brakes.

Hoping to strike the plainer route
To farming grounds, 'twould bring her out
Anear some friendly mead.
But lost was she, yea, lost for days
Wandering and weeping in this maze,
And famishing for bread.

XI.

Sir Thomas Mourns.—His Confession.



SIR Thomas Mann weeps, all forlorn :

He finds no gladness night or morn,

He dreams no golden dreams.

His child is lost and search is vain,

Through woodlands deep and wildering plain

And through the flowing streams.

See, from the windings of the brook

Appears a man of saddened look.

"This robe I've found," said he,

"Strung and with panthers tracks besmeared."

"My child devoured, 'twas this I teared.

Oh, it comes home to me !"

The dozy lord, with heart replete

Of Bacchus' nectar kept his seat ;

Looked on with leaden eye.

Anon there rose from off the wine
A lengthened grunt, much like the swine,
Supposed to mean a sigh.

All eyes were on Sir Thomas' friend,
Whose head more pronely now did bend :
Was he with grief oppressed ?
They note the fall, he rolls suppine,
And upward burst disgorging wine
From his upheaving chest.

And turned away from the loathsome sight,
Flashing upon the wretched Knight,
Who sat transfixed the while.
They cried: "Tis well the maid has died;
Far better than become his bride,
The bacchanalian vile ! "

To solitude without delay
The inebriate was led away.
Where " woe retires to weep,"
Came slumber's god in slipshod, fain
To mitigate his lordship's pain,
Bound him in beastly sleep.

When passed the loathsome scene from sight,
Inquiring looks were on the Knight,
Silent who sat in dread.

“Can I,” he cried, “your pity claim,
Or will not pity reach my name?
My sins are crimson red.”

“Will one kind breast within my hall
With pity look upon my fall,
And kindly stay to hear?
I’ve lived among you long unknown,
In borrowed garb and not my own,
Which fact shall soon appear.”

“When in my own dear native land,
Wealth came unblest into my hand;
’Twas sumptuous fair the day.
My hopeless life, with greed defiled,
Ran on in folly, wanton wild,
Till want forbade my play.”

“This young lord’s sire, my early mate,
Then proffered me a loan, ’twas great,
For millions were his own.

Three years ago the Noble died ;
The killing claim I've striv'n to hide
Came over with his son,"

" Which he has vowed he'd pass to me
And from all others set me free,
With Cora for his bride.
My only hope : for my estate 's
Groaning beneath the crushing weights,
I've called him to my side."

His hearers cried : Please forbear ;
For the rehearsal none here care,
Since all to each is known.
Two years ago, your tipsy guest,
With threats to comb the old Knight's crest,
The legal claim has shown.

" All, all is lost to-day," he cried.
" Alas, the cost, the cost of pride !
I live to mourn this day.
'Twas I that bade her wed this lord,
One that my daughter, aye, abhorred,
Who's hidden to-day for aye.

In midnight darkness and alone,
—Oh, cruelty!—could I atone
For such, before I die,
I'd give my body to the flame,
Or to devouring beast as game,
To sate their hungry cry."

Since pride with vengeance smites her heir,
Consigns her child unto despair,
Remorse in interview,
Shall we prolong the smitter's fray,
Anew the bleeding wound to flay?
Oh, no, that will not do!

Thus mused the generous-minded mart,
Noted for kindness of heart,
And, with his grief in view,
Each rose to leave the mourner now,
Gave him the hand and humane bow;
Thus silently withdrew.

XII.

Sir Thomas in Humble Dwelling.—His
Guilty Imaginings.

THE genial days in stillness fled,
Came full maturity instead ;
Then blight, with poisonous breath,
Came softly stealing. Dark decay
Approaches, as the bird of prey
Which settles over death.

When rich-robed autumn, frenzied maid,
Came frisking o'er the frosty glade,
Dropping her pictured card ;
She found no inmates at the Hall.
Thus, in the porch she cast her shawl,
And frolicked in the yard.

Through shattered panes she cast her look,
And madly every shutter shook ;
Clubbed the unyielding wall ;

In every key-hole poured her breath ;
Blew mournful requiems of death
Through the deserted Hall.

Where dwelt Sir Thomas, would you say,
When this ungentle autumn's day
Came out with angry wail ?
In low brown cot, dimmed, ruddy door,
Behold him sit with meagre store,
Hidden in humble vale.

Yea, sits alone, no friendly feet,
Of all that walk the bustling street,
Enter his dwelling low.
While in each niche a ghost he spies
With grinning jaws and sunken eyes ;
Only his wants we trow.

Could there be wants ? where then the gold
Once he upon his table rolled,
Which was his triumph, he said ?
Oh, that soon found its native chest :
It was the maiden aunt's bequest
To th' child he mourns as dead.

The panther's tracks on garments torn,
Believed the robes his child had worn,
Still proved not her demise.
Until her death was fully known,
The chest to safer hands had gone :
No gold, nor coffer, his.

While summer wore the verdant hue,
Bright, sunny mornings drenched in dew,
Like glittering pearls displayed :
Our Julia, yet of sorrowing look,
Stands musing by the little brook,
Whose windings touched her glade.

From toil brief intervals she took,
To read her page in nature's book.
She studied nature's laws,
Thought not of sirens on the waves,
Nor of the ghosts among the graves,
For sounds she had sane cause.

Not thus Sir Thomas: it was said
Dread forms of night approached his bed,
Walked on the brooklet's mead ;

Moanings were heard within his room,
Approaching footsteps through the gloom,
Covering he'd hide his head.

At Julia's feet the ivy spread,
High branches swayed above her head,
'Twas by this brooklet's course
Her little Arthur used to play;
Here built the stable for his gray,
Sir Baldro played the horse.

Well might this mother's face be sad,
Here lay the timbers which the lad
Erst placed for his barn sills,
Discovered through the ivy green,
None but poor Julia would have seen.
Her loving bosom swells.

Awhile she shed her mother tears,
Would she go weeping all her years,
No comfort ever have?
Since down the stream, Oh! none could say
Where beasts attend the sightless clay,
Thrown to an open grave.

XIII.

The Dusky Maid.

SHE turned : adown the stream she stept,
A watchful look for something kept.

Hark, did she hear a cry ?
And she that had no timid fear,
Scanned every copse of hazel near.

Yes, now she hears a sigh !

Just here, she questioned not her race,
Lay, prone, a maid of dusky face.

Dying ? She must not die ;
She lifts and leads her to the brook.
“Starving,” she mured, “a famishing look,
A feeble, hungry sigh !”

Her glossy locks hung uncontrolled,
O’er the dark bosom, damp and cold,
On which the dewy morn
Had shed profuse the drenching tears,
With them kind Julia mingled hers,
And bathed the face forlorn.

A little box stood near her head ;
" Her Indian trinkets," Julia said,
For which, the shivering maid,
Now roused, began her searching sight.
" I have your box," said Julia Wright,
" Come, I will give you bread."

" Is that your pony," Julia said,
" Walking into the open shed ?
If so, I'll turn him in."
The maid gave answer: " Pony nin."
She smiled, when Julia turned it in
And fed it from the bin.

The maid, when fed, slept through the morn,
Nor woke when Julia blew the horn
And farmer Wright appeared,
Who looked on her with pitying eye :
Hoped the poor creature would not die,
But die she would, he feared.

Kindness came, as propitious rain
To thirsty crop and withering grain,
They saw with glad surprise

When she awoke a later hour.
Care had revived the wilting flower
Of sweetly opening eyes.

A tiny parcel now she took
From the small box, with happy look,
And passed to Julia's hand,
Striving to hide her tearful eyes ;
While Julia, wondering, unties
A lengthy buckskin strand.

Some Indian words had farmer caught,
Glad now to know them ; these were brought
His questioning to aid.
He asked the maid from whence came these ?
She pointed to the forest trees
And careful answers made.

A pair of gloves, rolled inside ont,
And specked with mildew all about,
Disclosed howe'er a name.
The name they cried, 'twas Arthur Wright
A handkerchief, 'twas clean and bright
Julia had marked the same.

From her they learned, that, far away,
Where red men trap the beast of prey,
 One Indian, Wapeloo,
Making his way towards his camp,
Espied a white man, chill and damp,
 Stretched by some water's flow.

So faint and famished was his look,
He led him down unto the brook,
 There bathed his wounded head.
Gently he sat him on his steed
— A good Samaritan, indeed! —
 And to his wigwam led.

The man was lost, and lost in mind;
And some one he was fain to find,
 One that of late had died.
A bright winged spirit led him on,
Now here, now there, anon 'twas gone,
 “Come back,” the wild man cried.

At th' camp, this Indian shaved with care
From issuing wound the matted hair;
 The wound he gently dressed.

Proffered to him the humble food,
Which he received with gratitude ;
And laid him down to rest.

Now, when no longer he would stay,
Being bound for regions far away
In search of golden ore ;
Wapeloo packed his ponies two,
And led the wild man safely through
To navigation's door.

These articles were left behind
At the Indian camp ; and here we mind,
As Julia's voice is heard :
"Come here again, my pretty maid,
Hunger no more, we have much bread,
We get it from the Lord."

From what transpired came reasoning sound :
The man, insane, had fled, not drowned,
As late conjecture said.
Him, wandering wild, this Indian spied,
The sick man's friend, the lost one's guide,
Who heretofore was named.

XVI.

Julia Wright's faith in God.

WHO bade the little sparrow fly
To genial clime and sunny sky,
The unwitted blight to shun,
Will lead man surely in the way.
E'en now, I ken th' approaching day
That gives me back my son."

"Does hapless frenzy rule the brain,
Virtue will prompt the heart, still sane;
The good will him befriend.
Yea, Riot's clan may have a care,
The bruised reed in mercy, spare;
Perchance, protection lend."

Mark here her faith! She knows her boy,
Of inbred honesty, and coy
Of vice, for virtue brave;
She sees the lad, erst, to-night to pray,
And now takes up that olden lay,
"A charge to keep I have."

She bows the knee, faith upward flies
Through sorrow's tears, and seeks the skies ;

Her faith has brilliant sight.

"Father," methinks I hear her say,
And heaven attends when mothers pray,
Bends low to Julia Wright.

"Father, guard Thou my darling boy ;
For sorrow give the oil of joy,

Restore my precious son !

The while I humbly wait Thy day,
Vouchsafe Thy grace, help me to say,
Thy will, oh Lord, be done !"

The sweetest flower of earthly ground
Deep in the mother's breast is found ;

Go search oe'r earth's vast way,
You'll never find on mundane sphere
Another flower as rich, as fair,
And blooming through life's day,

As mother's love. What deeper love
Who owns the mother's heart will prove ?
Its depths not earth can try.

Life's flowing and its ebbing tide,
Which other loves *may*, I'll abide,
Alone her's *will* defy.

When spring winds chill, the lambkins bleat,
The ruminating flock will meet
The storms their fleece defies;
There laughed a merry, hardy band,
Unmoved by touch of spring's chill hand,
Where the young maiden sighs.

'Twas early spring on farmer's ground,
An Indian company sat around
The noonday meal to eat,
While journeying to some distant spot
Where furs were in abundance caught,
In th' sugar mapled sweet ;

With whom upon the frozen glade,
Languid, reclined the Dusky Maid,
Like wilting, withering blade.
Julia approached, she kissed her brow
When the upturned eyespokes volumns through
Sorrows were now betrayed.

When all arose to quit the glade,

Wapeloo to the Farmer said :

“A heap big way nin go.

Good Dewdrop, cold, nin fraid she die ;

She cry, me stay, a heap she cry ;

Nin leave her here wid you ?”

“When six moons gone, nin come dis way

Wid heap good furs, a heap big pay

For the good Che-mo-ke-mon.”

Then leading up the slender maid,

Her cold, small hand in Farmer’s laid,

Saying : “Dis de petete one.”

Our Farmer wept, cried : “Oh, yes, yes !”

And brawny hands the maiden’s press,

Then to the saddles leap.

A large black pony which they led

Now, whinnying, turned his pretty head ;

This made poor Dewdrop weep.

Another name today she told,

Which now she bade them closely hold,

In language spoken well.

This name a secret; while she staid
She would remain the dusky maid,
The Indian's Dewdrop still.

XV.

In the Mines—finds a friend.

SILENTLY Arthur journeyed on,
Unquestioned by the traveling throng,
With him that onward pressed.

His silent lips, his distant eye
All conversation did deny;
Thus, none his aim had guessed.

At length, within his new abode,
With boisterous youths, as fain to goad
As the wild bullock's horns,
A cherished plant 'mid briars cast;
He bows, unconscious of the blast,
And heedless of the thorns.

Early, with sweat and soil besprent,
As heedless o'er his labors bent,
 Yet with a watchful eye
Conceals the hoard of glittering worth
Speedily taken from the earth :
 None will his gains espy.

His wild vagaries might not stray
Through silent lips, which guards the day ;
 Yet sleep the will unchained,
When all the fancies of the brain
Came forth, a wild and joyless train,
 In grieved tones, unrestrained.

His life, a dream, he wandered o'er,
Since standing in Sir Thomas' door,
 Looking on black array.
His head is injured, gives him pain ;
All else a dream, and this the main :
 Miss Cora died to-day.

Hidden, alone, great wealth he found,
No hand but his had moved the ground
 Where he, with ardent will,

From self-discovered wondrous nook,
Unknown to man, a fortune took ;
Was wild and wary still.

A lucky day, low down from earth,
In dank profound, he lifted forth
Gold in great nuggets bright.
Immense their value! Now in store
Were these, why need he labor more?
Yet toiled with all his might.

Strange, why this madman finds his gain
In grounds unheeded by the sane,
Unnoticed by their eyes,
Unguarded, where the wild beasts roam
Thoughtless of foes, of friends, of home,
Aye silent, watchful, sly!

Hidden to-day, washing his earth,
A gentleman of wisdom's worth
Approached with friendly smile,
Accosted him in generous strain ;
Shortly his audience did gain,
He laid aside his toil.

“ You’re ailing sir, not well to-day ;
Fatiguing toil, I hear you say,
 Where ails get little care.
Friend, I would have you go with me ;
I have a pleasant home, ’tis free,
 You’ll meet with kindness there.”

“ I pray you, quit the mining ground,
I wish to treat the painful wound,
 Disclosed through thinning hair.
I’m fain to heal you, which I’ll do.
Please give your word that you will go ;
 Awhile receive my care!”

“ Your riper years respect require ;
I yield to my kind friend’s desire,
 Obedient to the end.
I’ll quit this ground on th’ stated day,
To journey with my friend away,
 In hopes my health to mend.”

XVI.

Restored to Sanity—Returns Home.

— —

THE Indian's six moons waned and fled ;
Still were moons seen on morning's head,
As marks the slender horn.

These Dewdrop termed the hunter's bow,
As held above a savage brow ;
These over winter's morn.

Said Farmer Wright : " Our friends aver,
We may not get the heap of fur.

Well, they may have their say !
I'm often laughing in my sleeve—
To hear our anxious neighbors grieve
Over our waiting day."

" 'Tis just two years ago to-day,
Since our poor Arthur fled away,"
Said Julia with a sigh.

" The answer to your letter, dear,
May never, never come, I fear.
Hope lifts her wings to fly."

Much Julia loved the Dusky Maid,
So lovable, so chaste and staid,
 So rich in every grace;
Who answered her with solemn look,
Whose hand into her own she took
 And pressed it to her face.

At length arrived the month of May,
And Dewdrop wanders out to-day.
 Would hope from the mourners fly?
Shut out from all congenial joys
Of this hidden life, her bosom cloy;
 None hears her plaintive cry.

Way o'er the wilds she casts her looks,
Cries out to mountains, hills and brooks,
 To ocean, earth and air:
“Where flown, my life delighting days,
Silent that bled their votary’s gaze?”
 Tall forests sigh *where, where?*

Later she seeks the evening air,
Sinks most despondent, in the chair,
 Nor notes those tramping feet;

Near, and more near, while on they came,
She kept her hidden seat the same,
Slept now in her retreat.

Lifting his baggage from the glade,
The tall young man regards the maid,
Her features not to trace ;
Thus to embrace rejoicing friends,
Ah ! quick returns and lowly bends
Above the dusky face.

Now there came bliss without alloy :
Heaven has returned the wandering boy,
Brought out from Frenzy's maze,
With songs and harp's harmonious strain ;
And Dewdrop sees they come again,
Those life delighting days.

Ever lamenting comforts flown,
Sir Thomas Mann, poor and alone,
Oft lifts his failing sight
Toward those portals erst his own,
His nevermore, and gazes on
And up the marbled flight.

XVII.

The Day of Wonders.

—
GREAT were the wonders: Arthur Wright
Purchased the Hall, built by the Knight
Erst in his lofty pride,
Has furnished this in graceful taste;
Designs to give his friends a feast,
And crown it with a bride.

Not long delays the festal day,
Laden with joy in wealth's array,
Cards flying in its van.
All glad to note gold's wondrous power,
Watching and waiting the blest hour,
To meet this wondrous man.

Sir Thomas' presence, by request,
At the olden seat an early guest,
'Twas pleasing to young Wright.
"Not robust, as in former days,
My sight is failing too," he says;
His suits not fit a Knight.

Not born to wealth and, yet, 'twas soon
This man commands its envied boon,
 Albeit from pride exempt.
Wealth he displays to one alone,
His object to himself was known.
 Soon he will make th' attempt.

What changeful scenes in life we view.
Oh, fickle fortune, changeful, too !
 Sir Thomas sits, a guest
Where he the master sat of yore ;
Drove the poor rustic from the door,
 Unsought, dispised, unblest.

Intently pouring o'er a book,
A chastened school boy—thus his look—
 Perchance will graduate.
He heard its ring, he sees the gold
His host just on his table rolled,
 And sighs: “Alas, too late!”

“Sir Thomas, please lay by the book,
And to our play a moment look !
 My welcome day is seen :

My trump, kind friend, I've brought in,
'Tis my first play, thus we'll begin.
I'll lead you out my queen."

From guest amazed, and wondrous *Play*,
He lightly turned and steps away,
Full soon to ope the scene.
Led in fair Cora, *White* and *Still*,
Cried: "Play to her, Sir, if you will,
My trump and leading queen!"

Though fair to mark emotion's talk,
Th' unwieldy hand, that's wont to balk
Oft on more favoring line,
Might dim this scene for Fancy's ken,
And thus we move our willing pen,
To finish our design.

This hour Sir Thomas' heart is glad :
The market boy, the rustic lad,
Erst driven away in tears,
Gladly his outstretched arms embrace ;
His paled lips approach the face,
Abhorred in other years.

How changed the Knight! Can it be gold
Has wrought the change, we now behold
On this once frowning face?
Oh, no, not gold! In low abode,
This man of sorrows felt the goad,
Of guilt, unsoathed by grace.

The greed of gold and pride of name,
With th' ebbing tide on which they came,
Has gone from him for aye.
And now he seeks a better gain,
A balm to soothe the sinner's pain.
You ask, Oh! does he pray?

Yea, humbly bowed on trembling knees,
With sins confessed, his sorrow flees,
Remorse and guilt of heart.
The ghosts with him no longer stay:
Good will to man he holds to-day,
While all his ills depart.

Before this sumptuous feast was spread,
Our hero to the altar led
His long affianced bride.

Her face the while has been concealed ;
To eyes amazed 'tis now revealed
By Arthur in his pride.

The lovers joined in hymen's bands :
Midst joy and wonder Cora stands
Fair as the cloudless morn.
The dead alive, the lost is found,
Are acclamations that resound,
When breaks the mellow horn.

Which wakes the silent grove's profound,
The sprightly band prolong the sound,
For Music holds the day.
Oh, Orpheus ! These are thine own strains ;
Young zephyrs catch the sweet refrains,
And waft them on their way.

And now the banquet took the day,
Bearing it merrily away.
No guest has th' mind to leave,
While friendships warmed and loves sublimed,
And songs came out, and music chimed
The long delightful eve.

XVIII.

Conclusion.



Fancy is loath the scene to fly :
From lowly spray, her watchful eye
 This changing scene surveys.
Goodness rewarded, sorrow ends.
She aims to please her worthy friends
 With pictures she portrays.

Our two young friends, with joy replete,
The parent in the olden seat,
 Again in the olden Hall ;
Or driving out in the loved old chaise,
Even thankful for those troubled days,
 Which followed pride's downfall.

And here she turns attentive look
Adown the margin of the brook,
 Sees generous Wapello.

Exiled no more from th' white man's door,
From grateful hands accepts his store,
Unstrings the hunter's bow.

The pony that, of color black,
Once led away on the Indians' track
Now dons the dapple gray ;
Prances away from the olden stall,
Gives Wapeloo a friendly call
And hies down the brooklet's way.

While the kind Indian on the sward
Relates his tale of th' "Squibey" lord,
And the lady whom he saved
From sorrows two-fold, worse than death,
To listening friends, whose very breath
The moments hold enslaved.

The Knight's fair daughter, reared in pride,
An Indian's tunic satisfied.
The coloring pleased her too.
All drenched with dew to him she came,
Thus Dewdrop was the Indian name,
And this, she said, will do.

Gladly she dons the proffered dress,
Her cast-off robe takes the impress
Of th' panther's cruel tread.
When rent, this robe is borne away
To borders, where the white men stray,
And left upon the glade.

END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 211 533 9 ●